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VOL. 6. NO. 39.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

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Natives, 10:30 A. M.; Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
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Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

Onions are said to cure lots of diseases, but what will cure onions.

One of the needs of this country is a billion more hens that will lay fresh eggs.

No count need be out of a job if there is a marriageable Vanderbilt on the market.

Poverty is only cured by hard work, and too many men regard the remedy as worse than the disease.

Some men might well wish to be president, if for no other reason than that people would listen to them when giving advice.

Now, don't say, "I told you so," because the woman who recently bought a husband for \$12 is beginning to feel that she was cheated.

The victims of the bobsleds are making a greater showing every winter and may soon be entitled to a column by themselves in the mortality statistics.

Stoessel has been sentenced to death in Russia for giving up Port Arthur. Alexieff probably regards this as one of the best jokes he has ever heard of.

A scientist declares that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells. Even that great number would hardly accommodate all the nerve some men display.

One doctor tells us that we will all die of Bright's disease in a short time, and in the next breath says we will all be crazy within two hundred years. Take your choice.

There is not much in that Ohio boy's claim that his teacher whipped him with a red-hot poker. We've known the time when a hickory switch felt like a red-hot poker.

The papers have been printing the portrait of Mrs. Robley D. Evans. We have it on excellent authority that Mrs. Evans is a good, motherly soul who never has uttered an oath in her life.

In New York they have declared a bank clerk to be insane because he said his salary was more than he earned. Unfortunately New York is not the only place in which people who fail to get all the money they can, honestly or otherwise, are considered crazy.

try, unsettles character and eventuates in till-tapping.

To laymen the world over the verdict and sentence of the military court in the case of Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, will seem unjust and harsh. For, even granting, as certain experts believe, that the surrender of the fortress was premature and that under the letter of the military code, at any rate, death is the proper penalty for such an offense as Stoessel was charged with, the lay observer will naturally lay stress on the consideration that nothing whatever could have been gained by two or three weeks' further resistance at Port Arthur. More men would have been sacrificed on both sides, more horrors and cruelties would have been added to the awful record of the war; but that would have been all. No relief was possible; no hope was left to Russia; her defeat was complete and crushing. If, then, realizing the futility of further fighting, Stoessel surrendered in order to prevent needless butchery, morally his conduct cannot appear blameworthy. It is true that he was accused of various minor acts of cowardice, of misdemeanors and inefficiency, but these alone would hardly have brought upon him the death sentence. Moreover, there seems to be a contradiction between the judgment and the plea for commutation, which acknowledges that "throughout the siege the commander maintained the heroic courage of the defenders." Can a man be a coward and yet maintain the heroic courage of the men under him? Finally, there is the testimony of the Japanese generals as to Stoessel's gallantry and bravery and capacity, and while in Russia this testimony was heavily discounted, even resented, with the world at large it carries weight. However, in Russia the condemnation could have caused so surprise. It had been expected, for the intrigues and quarrels in the army, the unpopularity of Stoessel and the desire of the incompetent to pose as patriots were well known and appreciated by the liberal-minded public. In the press the reactionaries, as a rule, have been against Stoessel, while the progressives have regarded him as far superior in a military sense to his accusers and judges. Doubtless the sentence will be commuted, and the military patriots who are essentially responsible for Russia's humiliation and disasters will feel themselves vindicated by the uncompromising character of the formal verdict. The verdict of civilization, however, on the Russian bureaucracy and court clique will stand unmodified.

PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

What the High Priestess of Theosophy Recently Said About It.

"I believe in the transmigration of souls," declared Mrs. Annie Besant, leader of the Theosophists, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Mme. Blavatsky, in a recent interview. "I believe I have lived a number of times. You would not say of yourself, 'I believe I was a child,' but you would say, 'I was a child.' So I say and know I have lived before." It is entirely a matter of training the memory. Some cannot remember back to their childhood. With training, the memory can be developed a little further so that you can remember previous existences.

"The tendency of scientists of the present," she said, "is to prove the existence of the soul. They thus separate man from the animal. I prefer to call it idealism rather than the soul. The modern tendency is toward spirituality rather than materialism. Thirty years ago I was very materialistic, but now, with age and the better thought of the ages, I believe in spirituality. The high tide of materialism is retreating, while idealism and the existence of the soul are the trend of all present scientific thought."

Too Late to Learn.

The native French-Canadian continues to tell good stories, if one may judge by that quoted by a contributor to the London Literary World. He was talking of the Quaker in Canada, when the French-Canadian interrupted him.

"Ah," said he, "good tam dat, on dose day! Everybody tees gun 'cept one old Quakaire, who mak to trust le bon Dieu, and de Indians shoot 'em all de same, bagosh!"

"But dey nevalre mak to shoot de old Quakaire 'cos he mos' be's man all round. Den blimey de Quakaire got scare, and buy a gun, so de Indians shoot beem dead and tak heem scalp just to teach him bettaire; but he too dead to understand! Ah, good tam dat!"

When Joy Weeps.

"What sort of a time did you have at the theater?"

"Perfectly lovely," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Some of the scenes were so pathetic that I wept, and the others were so funny that I laughed till I cried."—Washington Star.

After the Prom.

Ethel—Was he satisfied with one kiss?

Gladys—Humph. I think he was satisfied with all of them.—Yale Record.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

By Bishop H. C. Potter.

It is not the giving of money or the creation of charitable institutions that builds up the feeling of brotherhood among men. The poor man represents our condescension. He does not want that or your gold; he wants recognition of his manhood. The shop girl wants you to honor her womanhood; to respect her in the task in which she is toiling and suffering. You can do much to make that task easier and create an atmosphere in which she and you can move alike as members of the same divine society and fellow soldiers under Christ. This brings into view the relation of the church to great social problems. You and I somehow or other must bring the man who works with his hands to recognize his place, his right, his office, his calling in the church of God. The first business of the church is to place her houses of worship at the service of the people who work with their hands and then in the life of the church to encourage that spirit which will help us to understand and to serve it. There is but one way to do that. Instead of turning to any "ism" of the hour or theory of social reconstruction, or any new philosophy which undertakes to recreate society upon theories which are essentially barbaric in their nature, you and I must go back and look into the face of the Master and find in Him the secret of our service and our triumph.

IS THE BLACK MAN DISAPPEARING?

By Prof. Giddings of Columbia.

The real negro question in the South is that the white people do not believe that it would be advantageous for civilization and American institutions to permit the general amalgamation of the white and negro blood, and they cherish this view with intense bitterness and prejudice on account of past traditions, and exclude the negro from social equality with white men. It is not merely political tradition; it is especially held by the women of the South, that if the negro were admitted to join in everything socially and equally with the white man, nothing could prevent the amalgamation of the blood of the two races. That amalgamation they do not believe to be for the highest interest of the South and the civilization of the white American nation.

However, notwithstanding this attempt of the white people of the South to exclude the negro from social equality with white men and to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, the negro is fast disappearing. As years go by the population of the full-blooded negro of the American population is rapidly and surely

THE PLUCKY SHAH

Doesn't Propose to Have Bombs Hurled at Him Without a Protest.

The new Shah of Persia is a pretty good fellow and is willing to concede a point to humor his subjects in their, to him, ridiculous aspirations toward what they term freedom. His father granted the people a constitution but when the son came to the throne he forgot all about it until his subjects threatened to make things mighty unpleasant for the King of Kings as he calls himself. Rather than have any hard feelings over so small a matter he told them to go ahead with their parliament and if they got any fun out of it, he would be satisfied. But when it comes to heaving explosives at him as he passes along the street, he draws the line. He doesn't see any joke in a disgruntled subject hurling a bomb at him and it didn't take long for him to say so.

He was driving through the streets of Teheran. Ahead of him was his automobile, which, for some reason or other, he was not occupying, perhaps being for the moment tired of his new plaything. Suddenly from across the street some ungrateful fellow hurled a bomb at the automobile. The machine was torn into kindling wood, but even the chauffeur was not injured. Nobody could tell just who slung the deadly missile, so in the hope of hitting the right man the Shah ordered his bodyguard to fire. The result was that two of his personal attendants, his royal executioner and two innocent citizens were killed while a policeman, a grocer, an officer of gendarmerie and two private soldiers were badly injured.

The Shah was pretty mad. He turned on his heel and walked home, refusing to ride in spite of the entreaties of his frightened escort. The next day his majesty came down town and with a stick he beat the governor of the town soundly. Then he called the chief of police before him and told him if he permitted any more such nonsense as bomb hurling he would have him blown from the mouth of a cannon. Since then corner loafers with bundles under their arms have been invited to move on without any hesitation.

Mohammed Ali Mirza isn't the kind of man the anarchists can scare. They may succeed in killing him, but they cannot frighten him. He is 36 years old, powerful of build, widely traveled, a firm believer in his divine right to rule and has occupied the throne but little more than a year.

Persia has a population of about 8,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 are members of nomadic tribes. A very large part of the country is desert. The army has a nominal strength of 100,000, but a large proportion of the soldiers are

disappearing, and in his place we have the mulatto, the quadroon and octoroon.

This means, of course, that notwithstanding the legal attempt to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, and the reproduction goes steadily on.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE BEST.

By William Jennings Bryan.

The American woman is undoubtedly the finest in the world, and I want to add that the American man far surpasses the men—generally speaking, of course—of any nation of men the world over. Of course, my hurried visits to the various countries did not permit me to make a studied observation of the people, but I saw enough to convince me of this.

The women of this country are far ahead of those of any other country. They have more liberty. I think this accounts, in part, for their superiority. They are more intelligent. They possess more energy and more influence than any other women of the world.

The attitude of our women, shown in the various fields of study of problems that present themselves for solution in this country, surpasses the work or interest of women engaged in similar work anywhere. One noticeable feature of progression in this country is that men and women work as copartners. The result of such co-operation speaks for itself, where conditions have been made better and progress is shown in work of vital benefit to the community and the country at large.

A PADLOCK FOR MUCK-RAKERS.

By United States Senator Foraker of Ohio.

It would be most fortunate if a padlock could be provided for the muck-rakers—all of them, high and low, big and little, well-intentioned and evil-intentioned—for it is high time to quit slandering the American people. They never less deserved it. They never never more worthy of praise and commendation.

There were never higher ideals and moral standards among the business men of the nation, and there were never better methods employed by them for the control and transaction of business. In this we should not only find hope and inspiration, but also a command to administer our public affairs on the theory that not all men are dishonest, but that, with the exception of the few, all men are upright, and that as to even the few who may not be upright, they are entitled to the presumption that they are, and to have a right to be heard before they are condemned.

KILLED RARE ANIMALS IN TIBET

Mason Mitchell Sends Specimens to the National History Museum.

Mason Mitchell, actor, rough rider and friend of President Roosevelt, has added to his achievements by exploring Tibet and killing animals which few white men have slain, says the New York Herald.

Those who doubt that there are tigers, gorillas, serows and blue bears will solve Mr. Mitchell from even a suspicion of nature faking by going to the American Museum of Natural History and looking at the skins, skulls and horns which have just been received from Mr. Mitchell. As a consul in the Chinese city of Chungking he was not far from the Tibetan border.

Mr. Mitchell accompanied his gifts with scientific data and is sending photographs showing what the animals looked like in life.

Takins resemble antelopes, but are much larger, a full-grown specimen weighing 1,000 pounds. The goral is a Himalayan goat of hermit proclivities. The serow is rare. It is something like a goat. The skins of the Tibetan blue bear and clouded leopard sent by Mr. Mitchell are excellent specimens.

The consul also killed several birds above the clouds, and he writes from Tachiglun that when he gets a chance to consult a natural history he will try to identify them. If they are slightly known to naturalists he will add them to the collections in the museum.

Mr. Mitchell has also given to the Tibetan scrolls once owned by a band of Tibetan priests, who lost them in fighting a punitive expedition sent against them by the French. The scrolls are covered with allegorical figures and are written in Sanscrit. They are apparently centuries old.

Many lands have known Mason Mitchell since he left his native town, Onondaga, N. Y. He was a scout in the Riel rebellion in Canada, where he obtained a living for military life. Later he brought natives from Samoa to the Chicago World's Fair and took them back in a 200-ton schooner. His offices were also called into play by the San Francisco fair, for which he brought many natives of the Fiji islands. He enlisted with the rough riders and was wounded at San Juan hill. On his return from the Spanish-American war he stumped the State when Mr. Roosevelt was candidate for Governor. He also was an actor, playwright and lecturer. Before he went to China he was United States consul at Zanzibar, where he found recreation in killing elephants.

That's Why.

"The honest man has nothing to fear."

"That's because the honest man is always poor and has nothing to lose."

—Houston Post.

An Alphabetical Proposal.

She—Do you like tea?

He—Yes, but I like the next letter better.—Wisconsin Sprex.

Men don't enjoy keeping secrets from their wives. Ask your husband, and see if he doesn't reply: "I don't know; I never tried it."

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



TALES OF MUSICIANS.

Handel Given to Eccentric Rages—The Singer's Sore Threat.

Handel was much given to flying eccentric rages, though he was not a wholly unkind man. He knew his power, says a biographer, as every genius knows his power, and it is not surprising that he was thought to be over-proud and egotistical. He would deal out torrents of abuse when "lings vos mixed," to understand which one required an intimate acquaintance with at least four languages—English, French, German and Italian. Yet these rages, it has been said, were the healthy outbursts of a great mind, not morbid, jealous feelings.

Such fits of wrath led to amusing scenes. Handel thundered and roared at Cuzzoni when she refused to sing an air he had written for her, and she did so only from fear lest he should give effect to his threat to throw her out of the window.

Again, he administered a thorough rating to a chorister named Jansen, who had assured Handel that he could sing at sight.

"You schoundrel!" yelled Handel, shaking his fist underneath the nose of the frightened chorister. "What do you mean by delining me dot you could sing at sight?"

"So I can, sir," stammered Jansen, completely unnerved; "but not at first sight, sir."

In 1753, in the Lenten season, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester offered his services to Handel. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, the canon requested leave to sing a solo, that his voice might appear to more advantage. This request was also granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience that, to his great mortification, he was violently hissed.

When the performance was over, Handel, who for once was not in a rage, came to the unfortunate and said, "I am very, very sorry for you, my dear sir, but go back to your church in the country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; these wicked peoples in London, d—y will not forgive you."

There is a good story told of a prima donna named Marie Frausel, who lived in the time of Frederick the Great. Whenever anything or anybody displeased the haughty Frausel, she, after the manner of prima donnas in general, would suddenly become too hoarse to sing. One evening there was to be sung an opera in her repertoire, and it was expected that the king would attend.

At the appointed hour the manager came forward, and announced that owing to a sore throat, Frausel was unable to appear.

The people were preparing to leave the house; but his Majesty rose and commanded them to keep their seats. A few moments afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious singer's room.

"Frausel," said the officer, "the king inquires after your health."

"The king is very good," said Frausel, with a pout; "but I have a sore throat."

"His Majesty is aware of the fact, and has charged me to take you to the military hospital to be cured."

Frausel, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting; but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in persiflage. Soon she found herself in a coach with four men.

"I am a little better now," Frausel faltered, "and I will try to sing."

"Back to the theater!" said the officer to the coachman.

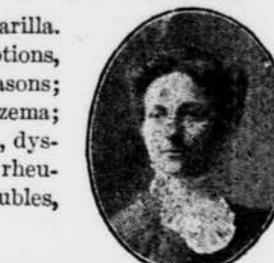
The Frausel began to think she had yielded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she interposed.

"Pardon, Frausel," responded the officer, "but I think you will."

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THE NUTTE FAMILY ALBUM

Notes by Hazel, the Youngest of the Misses Nutte.

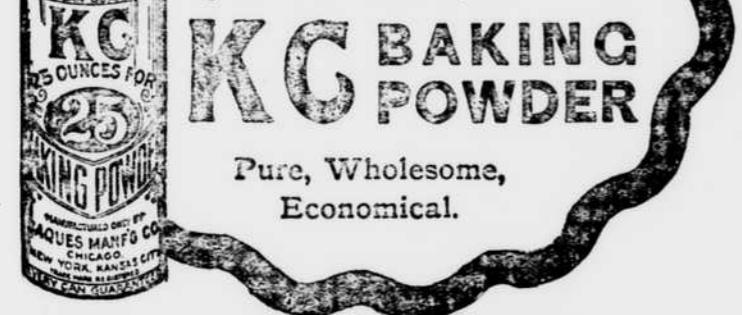
This is one of my gentleman friends, Smalley Pecan. He's a regular about-town—goes to all the hops and skating rinks and nickel shows. It's a wonder you never run across him. Don't go to 'em much! Gee, what do you do to kill time?

Don't you think he's handsome? So does he. Smalley's a swell dresser and awful particular about his finger nails. That's the reason he don't do nothing but work. All the girls are lousy over him. I call Smalley my steady, but I'm afraid he ain't quite so settled as the rock of Gibraltar. He's mighty liberal with the hot air and seldom

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like a strong statement, but when one stops to realize what a radical change there is from the bustle and life of the city to the stillness of the country, where sometimes for hours at a stretch not a sound is to be heard or a soul seen, the importance of this point impresses itself very forcibly. "Whither thou goest, I will go" is all very fine in theory, but a man can hardly expect his family to be willing to give up the companionship of people for that of cows, chickens and pigs without some compensations.

A CLEVER RUSE.

THE WAY OF AN INGENIOUS PARIS MERCHANT SAVED CABLE TOLLS.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn. He could have learned the truth by cabling; but, to save expense, instead he went to a well known banker who had received the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I give you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition:

"I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said: "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

STRANGE DIHES

LION'S FLESH, TIGER'S MEAT AND BAKED ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

Lion's flesh is said to furnish a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India nevertheless it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning that characterizes the animal. This notion is not, of course, held by the followers of Brahmins and Buddha, whose religion forbids the eating of flesh.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion among authorities on the subject as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. By some it is considered a dainty. But there is the authority of at least one European against it. Stanley said that he frequently tasted elephant's flesh and that it was more like soft leather and glue than anything else with which he could compare it. Another explorer, however, declares that he cannot imagine how an animal so coarse and heavy as the elephant could produce such delicate and tender flesh. All authorities agree in commanding the eating of the elephant's foot. Even Stanley admitted that baked elephant's foot was a dish fit for a king. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.—St. Louis Republic.

TO ONE BENT UPON FARMING.

WHAT TO DO WHEN IT IS PLANNED TO GO INTO AGRICULTURE.

Within the last few years the possibilities of making money from the land has begun to impress itself on those who have watched the steady upward trend of prices of foodstuffs, and people are beginning to inquire for books and literature pertaining to farming, trucking and poultry raising, says the New York Post.

Before starting out to look for a home in the country decide what branch of farming is to be followed, whether dairy, poultry raising, fruit growing, market gardening, etc., for the particular branch that is to be followed will, in a large measure, determine the location.

To put all your eggs in one basket is very risky, especially if you don't know anything about the basket. Many men, whose judgment in business matters has always been conservative, have gone to the country and have sunk all their capital at once into a business of which they knew absolutely nothing. Visit the homes of successful farmers and you will find that 90 per cent of them either began in a small way or were born and raised in the business. In New Jersey there is a man who started a few years ago with a small flock of fowls. In 1904 he had \$14,000 invested in his plant and, after deducting 10 per cent for depreciation and 5 per cent for interest, cleared \$7,000. To start a poultry plant requires less capital than any other line of farming, \$100 being enough to make a good start for a beginner.

The market garden business requires a comparatively small amount of land, but it must be good land. To start with a small forcing house, 20 by 60 feet, will require a capital of \$1,500, exclusive of rent. A 10 per cent return on the investment is considered a good average. The fruit industry has grown tremendously within the last few years and offers inducements to the investor. To plant and equip a twenty-acre fruit farm will take from \$2,000 to \$3,500, exclusive of rent and labor.

To a man of modest means dairying is out of the question. To establish an up-to-date dairy, carrying 100 cows, will require from \$10,000 to \$20,000 in addition to labor, and in dairying the labor bill is a big item.

Nothing has been said of the charm and pleasures such a life has to offer, as compared to the life in the city, for here again comes in the question of location. In the south the social element is much more in evidence than in the north, due in no small measure to climatic conditions. Not far from Washington, D. C., there is a delightful community of cosmopolitan men and women whose chief source of income is made in raising hay and horses.

The rule of eight hours work is rigidly adhered to, and time is found for riding, dancing and all those things that go to make the life there so attractive.

This social side of rural life is important, especially for town dwellers, and should be considered first in choosing a location. Perhaps this may seem

Veal Pot Roast.

Remove the bone from a filet of veal and fill the cavity with a forcemeat made of a little minced salt pork and stale bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and a little thyme or summer savory, and fasten securely with skewers or cord. Put some thin slices of salt pork over the fire in a Scotch oven or frying pan, and when the fat flows freely brown the veal nicely on both sides; then cover with boiling water and simmer until tender, removing the cover half an hour before it is done. Serve on a hot platter with stewed green peas around it, and accompanied by a brown sauce made with the boiling liquor.

Rotation of Crops.

It seems that every force in nature is trying to compel the farmer to practice a rotation of crops. If corn is grown for several years on the same plot, the land will be infected with all manner of insects, from the root worm and louse to the insect that eats the tassel. The farmer who grows wheat year after year on the same plot of ground has the Hessian fly and the chincha bug to contend with; cotton planter and tobacco planter have each insects to fight and fungous diseases to overcome because one crop has been grown continuously for a number of years on the same plot. If rotation is practiced these insects and diseases may be held in check. If rotation is not followed no remedy will destroy or overcome them.—Southern Cultivator.

Clear Coffee.

To settle coffee, beat an egg in one-half cup of sugar and use a teaspoonful of the mixture to a mess, with cold water sufficient to mix smoothly, then add boiling water. The coffee will be better than when too much egg is used. Keep the mixture covered and it will keep nicely till used.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such ointments should not be used on any prescription from a qualified physician, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Chase & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a good ointment, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine article: it is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Chase & Co. 25000 bottles free.

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